

The Abbeville Press and Banner.

BY HUGH WILSON.

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Christian Neighbor.

BY REV. SIDI H. BROWNE.
Of the South Carolina Conference.

Columbia District Conference.

Fifty members all told from first to last, attended the Columbia District Conference, held in the Methodist Church, Aiken, S. C., July 14-17, S. B. Jones, Presiding Elder, in the chair.

A. M. Boozer and G. P. Watson were elected secretaries.

DAILY PROGRAM.

Business from 9 to 11, then preaching, 4 to 6-30 p. m. business; preaching 8-30.

The several interests, spiritual and temporal, of the church were reported on by preachers and laymen and inquired into. Advancement—in some charges more than others.

The worship of God in the families belonging to the church was emphasized. The Sunday school cause is gaining every year.

The systems for working the finances of the church—support of the ministry in particular—are much the same in all the charges—"Assessment." The plan works well where it is well worked, but no system will work itself.

A plan was adopted for the liquidation of the debt (about \$2,700.) on the District parsonage.

To aid in the purchase of the "Oliver property" in Spartanburg for a preparatory school for Wofford college, five hundred dollars were subscribed.

The more prominent educational interests in the Conference were presented; S. C. Advocate by W. D. Kirkland, Columbia Female college, by O. A. Darby; Wofford college by A. Coke Smith.

Resolutions expressive of fidelity and zeal toward the various interests of the church were adopted, also one relating to travel on Railroads on the Sabbath.

L. D. Childs, J. C. Cunniff, J. D. Eidsen and D. G. Raff were elected Delegates to the Annual Conference, J. H. Hulet and Z. A. Smith, Reserves.

Resolutions of thanks for the hospitable manner in which the Conference was entertained by the good people of the town and vicinity were adopted by a rising vote.

Johnston was chosen as the place for holding the next District Conference.

No preaching Saturday—business. Nothing at night but trying to rest and sleep—so hot. The absence of titles and adjectives in the brief of proceedings will be approved it is hoped by all except those who complained of the cold weather.

Sunday: Love feast, preaching, communion, Sunday School Mass meeting, and preaching again at night in the Methodist church (South.) The pulpit of the Presbyterian, Baptist and M. E. church (North) were supplied with preachers of the Conference, so too the churches at Graniteville and at Langley. I went in the forenoon with my Presbyterian host and hostess to their church and heard a sermon. The names of those who preached or spoke at any time or place is not important—so they preached and so the people believed. 1 Co. xvii.

Editorial Correspondence.

Dear Neighbor: Along with others—not to numerous to mention—left the City on the Congaree Wednesday, July 13, and was steamed on schedule time (C. C. & A. R.) to Aiken Junction—74 miles. A "special" with two engines run us "up the hill" to the famous health plateau called Aiken.

The extensive and internal improvements in this town since I was here last—nine years ago—surprised me much and more. Among the improvements are a well painted post office, a fine brick court house with a clock in the tower, and a number of parks. A number of fine residences, and some new church buildings take the place of what used to be woods or empty space.

It is gratifying to me (pastor of the Methodist church here, 1873, 1876, 1878,) to see the tasty improvements and touches about our house of worship within and without and over the beautiful plat of ground belonging on the outside. Even more gratifying it is to learn of the prosperity of the church in numbers and, it is hoped, in spirituality. Methodism in Aiken is now about "in line" in this growing town.

And here are the venerable Rev. S. P. T. Field (local Deacon) and his worthy help-meet, both feeble, yet persevering, and Mrs. Calderbank, Dr. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Clay, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Yates, Mr. and Mrs. Wigfall, and others of "my day" among them that I could name. Some are gone to other parts of this world and some to the other, we hope the better world.

Dr. Wood used to give me some pleasant rides about the town, but since then he found his Mary and she and their four children can fill his carriage and if need be let him and me walk.

About the same time Mr. Robert Powell and Miss Fannie Clay joined hands and hearts just before I pronounced them "man and wife." Well, it was at the lightsome home of brother and sister Powell and their lovely daughter Winnie (eight years) that I was lodged during Conference, and a more pleasant and lovely "home" I have never had in forty-one years at any Conference or on any other occasion away from my own family. Besides a delightful evening drive with my hostess around Eastern Aiken, I had "Rattler" and the buggy at my command. His last kind service and that of his master (Mr. P.) was to land me in good time Monday morning at the depot.

Much left out—but that may get out on train, no more to say now.

S. H. B.

Personal.

Rev. L. M. Little, Columbia, was taken seriously ill on Sunday night, July 17, but was much relieved Tuesday morning.

The supply of raw cotton in the United States averages 3,000,000,000 pounds a year. The supply of raw cotton in England averages 1,400,000,000 pounds a year.

Shut Down on It.

Who has not become disgusted, nauseated, with all the talk about one Dr. McGlynn in America and an old transatlantic man called the Pope? Who cares anything about the quarrel between these two men? Who cares whether McGlynn is better or worse than the Pope? Whether he is in the Roman church or out of it? Whether the Pope excommunicates McGlynn or lets him stay in it? The Christian churches have disciplined thousands of her members just as good as Dr. McGlynn or the Pope and little was said about it beyond the church or locality immediately concerned.

Such is Jesuitism that all this talk and fuss about McGlynn being called to Rome, his refusal to go and the Pope sending over a boycotting sentence against the refractory priest may be a sham to bring Romanism and the Pope into greater notoriety among the people of the United States.

Whether the quarrel is real or sham the better way is for Protestants to let the priest and the Pope and their allies fight it out on their own line and in their own sectarian enclosure. Other people have had enough and heard enough of the insignificant affair.

Lost Time.

"Oh, Miss Jennie," cried a little girl to her Sabbath school teacher, "I am so sorry, but I have lost a whole morning."

"Lost a whole morning?" repeated Miss Jennie, with a grave look upon her sweet face. "How was that, Clara?"

"Why, mother was so busy, and she left Harry in my room, and really, Miss Jennie, the little fellow was so full of fun that I have done nothing but play with him."

Just then Harry put up his dimpled arms to "love" Clara, as he called it in his baby talk. He pressed his lips upon her cheek, saying, "Me love 'loos, 'Carra."

"You have not lost your morning, Clara, said her teacher. "You have helped your mother, and you have bound your little brother closer to you by your kindness. Such a morning may have been well spent, my dear."

A few days after this, Mrs. Palmer was seized with a severe illness. She could not bear the least noise or confusion, and Harry's noisy play distressed her very much. So Clara took the little fellow to her own room, rocked him to sleep at night, and cared for him almost as well as his mother could, until Mrs. Palmer recovered.

"My dear child," said the physician, as he placed his hand upon the little girl's head, "if your mother had not had so kind and thoughtful a daughter, I fear that she would not have recovered so soon, if at all."

Thus little Clara had her reward. Never call that hour lost which is spent in making others happy.

A GREAT PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.—On the last Sunday in the year 1788, John Wesley preached to a large congregation in London. "Sir," said he to his attendant while putting on his gown, "it is above fifty years since I first preached in this church; I remember it from a particular circumstance. I had come without a sermon, and going up the pulpit stairs, I hesitated and returned into the vestry, under much mental confusion and agitation. A woman who stood by, noticed my concern, and said, 'Pray, sir, what is the matter?' I replied, 'I have not brought a sermon with me.' Putting her hand on my shoulder, she said, 'Is that all? Cannot you trust God for a sermon?' The question had such an effect on me, that I ascended the pulpit, preached extempore, with great freedom to myself, and acceptance to the people; and have never since taken a written sermon into the pulpit. A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

Compared with Luther, Erasmus was the greater scholar, the more highly cultivated and courtly man, but in moral dignity and devotion to duty he was vastly inferior to the heroic reformer. The gulf which separated them is plainly visible in one of Luther's retorts to a sentiment of Erasmus. The latter had said, "Nevertheless, the doctrine is true, it ought to be taught; certainly not discussed in the vulgar tongue and in presence of the multitude." To this Luther sternly replied: "I tell you, and I pray you to lay it to heart, that to me the matter is serious, necessary and eternal, of such momentous interest that it must be asserted and defended at the risk of life itself—aye, though the result should be not only to plunge the world in conflict, but to bring chaos back again and annihilate the universe!" These widely diverse characters illustrate the opposite characters of the two men.

In Erasmus we see a man whose spiritual conceptions were so dim that he was ready to sacrifice the immortal interests of mankind to their present quiet; but in Luther we see a man whose vision took in the relations of truth to men's everlasting well-being. Hence the former was a timid, ignoble time-server; the latter a grandly heroic reformer.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it. Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited. Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones. Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by men. Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion, in all things. Have courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretenses.

Whatever outside Christian work we may do, therefore, let us not fail to look well to our own households. Jewish parents used to say that if they could have the exclusive control of their children until they were eight years of age they feared no subsequent apostasy. If Christian parents will fill their homes with prayer and love and faithful teaching, and the sweet spirit of Christ, while their children's lives are tender and easily impressed, they need not fear that in years to come they will fail to be godly and noble men and women.—Presbyterian.

God is entitled to the supreme place in our hearts. It would degrade him to accept less, and would be unworthy of us to offer it.

COMMONS.

The Heart.

The heart hath chambers twain
Wherein do dwell
Twin brothers, Joy and Pain.
When waketh Joy in one,
Still calmly
Pain slumbers in his own.
O Joy, thy bliss restrain,
Speak softly,
Lest thou shouldst awaken Pain.

—[New York Tribune.]

The Gimlet—A Pastor Perforator.

Once a pastor was from home for a few days, during which time the son of a parishioner, who lived several miles distant, died. He did not hear of the young man's death until he had returned; then he was taken sick, and it was several days before he was able to visit the afflicted family. When he did so, the first words which greeted his ears were:

"Well, I thought you had forgotten us," and the afflicted mother complacently sat down to be consoled.

This is what I mean by a pastor perforator—the lay gimlet; and it is astonishing how proficient certain persons become in its use. The delicacy is insinuating, the defense and grace in twisting, can only have been acquired by assiduous practice. They know where it will go in most easily; just how many turns to give it before it gets down to the quick.

There are various scientific twists of the gimlet known both to adepts and to victims. For example, there is the sarcastic twist. Hostess enters the parlor and greets her pastor thus:

"Good afternoon, Dr. —, really, the sight of you is refreshing! Have you found out at last where we live?"

Then comes the business twist. "Do you know you haven't been inside our house for six months! Ordinary folk, as well as mathematicians, are painfully aware that figures can't lie; so that this twist is a peculiarly effective one, usually transfixing the victim, and reducing him at once to a condition of silent helplessness.

Then there is the reproachful twist, also a very effective one; tremendous so if the twister can manage to start a "silk snarl" or two. "Really we began to doubt whether we had any pastor!"

And once in a while, there comes the spiteful twist, in administering which the operator, or more commonly the operatrix, is at no pains to conceal her savage intent, but drives the uncoiled gimlet with a steady, determined hand; or, in other words, given the parson "a sharp setting down" on his shortcomings.

Those who winces under the gimlet are the conscientious pastors, who are always more or less haunted by the vague sense of work in arrears, and tormented with self reproach because they do not bring it up. The gimlet is a terrible instrument to such a minister. He knows a gimlet house as well as a doctor knows where small pox is. He braces himself to visit them once, twice or oftener, yearly. He says to himself as he opens the gate, "There is a rod in pickle for me here." Such a one goes about his work very much as if he were going to have a tooth pulled or extracted—meets the gimlet twister without betraying any inward writhings—reads a chapter, kneels to pray, and rises to his feet to meet a parting twist, thus:

"Now that you've found the way here, you must come again: we hope to see you very often." As he goes down the steps he looks into his note book, and seeing that the next place on his list is after a gimlet house, he says to himself, "Not to-day; I've had as much as I can stand."

You cheerful, sunny, sympathetic souls, who perhaps excite the jealousy of your neighbors because the minister "drops in" at your houses so much oftener than at theirs, does it ever occur to you that he comes almost as much for his own sake as for yours, because he knows you always have oil and wine in your casks for the wound of the gimlet?

Now, ye gimlet twisters! ye pastor perforators! lift up your voices and answer: What do you want a pastoral visit for? Do you want to talk with your pastor? do you want him to talk with you about your temptations and trials? Do you want instruction on some question of Christian experience? Do you want to discuss some scheme of Christian enterprise? No, indeed; not you! No lawyer is more adroit in turning the conversation, the moment it takes any such direction. Suppose your pastor should try his hand on the gimlet, and probe your heart and lay bare your poor, starved, stunted religious life. Let him tax you rigorously with your absence from church, your coldness and indifference, and you will not complain of the scarcity of his pastoral visits.

Strange Test of a Call to Preach.

A young man in the mountains of N. C., feeling himself called to preach, applied to his church for license. An eccentric deacon had his doubts about the genuineness of the call. So he applied the following test to the young man. "Now," said he, "if I can prove to you from the Bible that you are not called, will you be willing to withdraw your application?" "Of course," said the young man. "Well," said the deacon, the Bible says: "Upon the mountains, how beautiful are the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings." Then pointing to the big feet of the young man, said, "Now look at your big ugly feet, don't you see that you are not called?" This was a "reluctant" to the young man, and being surprised and mortified, he withdrew his application, not being able to see that a heart made beautiful by grace is the evidence rather of the call, than pretty feet.

An Edinburgh minister on one occasion happening to visit a resident of his parish asked what church he was in the habit of attending. The man answered that he had belonged to a certain congregation, but that he and others would not assent to certain views which were accepted by the majority, and they had therefore formed a secession. "Then you worship with those friends?" "Well, no; the fact is, I found that there were certain points on which I could not conform, so I seceded." Oh, then I suppose you and your wife engage in devotion together at home? "Well, not precisely. Our views are quite in accord, so she worships at that corner of the room, and I in this."

Every good deed that we do is not only a present pleasure, but a prop for the future.

Tired of War Lectures and Literature.

Yes, I am tired! Tired of the interminable *Century* articles, tired of the Lowell lectures on battles, tired of the war scenes which the ingenious pen of General Grant has depicted—the sharing and promoting of which led that great soldier to hate the sight of even a review! I may not be as severely truthful as General Sherman and call war only another name for cruelty, but I cannot see how any one who, with Mr. Angell, pities the sufferings of animals, birds, and even insects, can hear without shame and disgust of the cruelties inflicted on soldiers in prison and in battle. I will not say with General Sherman in his speech to the young men of Ohio, "Young men war is hell!" But a good man who witnesses a battle and serves in a hospital for the first time must feel in such an atmosphere as a clean-minded, clean-mouthed boy is said to feel at his first cigar, first oath, first glass of liquor, first night at low noon or brother. The finer instincts must shrink and cower with shame.

A battle is not the place poets picture or historians describe. Fiction is never more untrue than when it portrays one. The Erckman Chatrian novels are an exception.

They are more realistic than Headley, Abbott or Scott and all the romancers of fighting.

The simple fact is that in our day an advance towards and into a battle lacks the element of grandeur. It is the cunning of huntsmen or the prowess of a prize-fighter that is most evident.

Smoke and dust cover and hide the advancing columns.

The thundering din of cannon, the murderous hiss of minnie balls, the shrill squeal and yell of the hurdling shells, take the place of brass bands and drum corps. The latter are at their best at military musters. They are at their best on muddy roads, when the feet are soggy and backs are breaking. But during battle the music makers carry maimed men on those tier-like vehicles called "stretchers," whose ear-piercing and heart-breaking discord is made up of groans, and on the canvas of which blood puddles, and through which it oozes. In most fights the soldier is denied the poor exhilaration of conscious triumph. Neither General Meade nor General Lee was quite sure of the result of the third day of Gettysburg, which had conquered General Meade, at least his officers and men, were uncertain whether the enemy had fled or waited to renew or repulse an attack.

The Sunday Newspaper.

A seventh part of every man's existence is to be given to the consideration of relations to God and eternity. No other view than this can come up to the meaning of the words, "Remember the Sabbath day"—that is, the rest day—"to keep it holy." Now, the whole tendency of the Sunday newspaper is to break down and obliterate this important truth. It says, in effect, that there is no difference between Sunday and other days as to what one is to read and think about. The fact that most men have more leisure is only a reason why they should read more of the same kind of matter which they read during the secular week.

And the paper, coming to them in the morning, cannot but give their thoughts and feelings the direction of the secular week. The design of the whole is inconsistent with the design of the character of the journal. It may be pure and elevated in tone, and its contents both interesting and instructive yet, being thoroughly secular, "of the earth earthly," it must needs lead the reader's mind away from the things which the rest-day was intended to keep before him. Indeed, it is hardly a paradox to say that the better the Sunday paper is in a literary point of view the worse is its influence, because it is the better adapted to catch the unwary and lead them away from the proper use of holy time. No man can habitually read such a paper without insensibly losing the feeling that there is any sacredness in the first day of the week.

Take away the religious sanction of Sunday, and its hold upon the public mind is gone. This religious sanction is what the Sunday issue of secular journals habitually undermines. Hence the deliberate assertion that such issue is evil, and only evil, and that continually. Editors and publishers may not, doubtless, do not, think so; such is the fact.

Fair Bird Destroyers.

That fickle, changeable, fantastic, and often nonsensical goddess, Fashion, and her fair votaries, are answerable in part for the destruction of the birds, and particularly of those adorned with brilliant plumage. Many a fair maiden, or woman, tender hearted, considerate or sympathetic, would be shocked by the wanton cruelty of the thoughtless boy who would kill that little flower to flower, is quite reconciled to the act if the dead bird can be treated by the taxidermist and added to the aviary upon the curious structure which is now worn in the place of the bonnet which adorned and protected the head of her mother and grandmothers of different degrees for generations. Questionable as is the taste that places a yellow eyed screech owl, or vulture, upon a lady's headgear, it is a well-known fact that thousands and tens of thousands of our much-prized birds become a sacrifice to fashion each year.

It is gratifying to learn that the Audubon Society, whose members pledge themselves to do all in their power to discourage, and, if possible, suppress the use of birds and birds' feathers as ornaments of dress, is rapidly extending its sphere of usefulness and humanity. It would be well if in every city, town and school district in the United States the girls and boys would organize a society or club having for its object the protection of our harmless, beautiful and musical birds. The girls, by refraining from the use of birds, or the plumage of birds, for ornament; and the boys, by ceasing to rob their nests of eggs, or young, and by waging a war of extermination against the sparrows, can do much towards restoring to us the birds whose absence and loss is so much to be implored.

Misery loves company, and company makes the good housekeeper a great deal of misery, too, when she hasn't anything cooked in the house.

HOUSE AND FARM.

Feeding Young Pigs.

It does not take long for a good litter of young pigs to outgrow the capacity of the sow to furnish enough milk to keep them thrifty. This milk from its dam is the best possible nourishment for young pigs as for all other young animals; but with the stomach to be filled the sow cannot possibly give enough milk to fully satisfy them, however well fed she may be. By the time the pigs are ten days to two weeks old they will begin to eat, and they should be helped to all they can devour. A handful of oats or cracked wheat is excellent for the young pigs, and scarcely anything is better for the old sow. Corn should not be given at this tender age, nor, in fact, in any quantity until their growth is pretty well made. It is a great loss to fail to feed young pigs well, as they make more growth from the same amount of nutriment than at any subsequent time in their lives. And yet, relying wholly upon what they can get from the sow, many pigs in large litters become stunted even before they are weaned, and their growth is so checked that it costs nearly all they are worth to get them started in growing again. Unless the owner is willing to take some extra pains in feeding the weakling a litter of pigs may prove less profitable than a small one.

Sleep a Preventive of Headache.

A scientific writer says: "Sleep, if taken at the right moment, will prevent an attack of nervous headache. If the subject of such headache will watch the symptoms of its coming, they can notice that it begins with a feeling of weariness or heaviness. This is the time a sleep of an hour, or even two, as nature guides us, will effectually prevent headache. If not taken just then, it will be too late, for, after the attack is fairly under way, it is impossible to get sleep until far into the night, perhaps. It is so common in these days for doctors to forbid having their patients wake to take medicine if they are asleep when the hour comes round, that the people have learned the lesson pretty well, and they generally know that sleep is better for the sick than medicine. But it is not so well known that sleep is a most effective preventive of disease—better than tonic regulators and stimulants.—Scientific American.

To Cure a Horse of Kicking.

The simple prescription here given has the indorsement of a prominent authority in such matters: "If you have a horse that is in the habit of kicking, put him in a narrow stall that has both sides thickly padded with straw, and let him kick himself until he is tired. Then strike his head and let the horse and kick fight it out. Be sure to have things arranged so that the horse cannot hurt himself. The sack will be victorious every time, and in the end the horse will absolutely refuse to kick the sack or anything else."

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—Gapes in chickens is the result of worms in the throat, and a removal of the worms is a cure for the disease. This is most commonly effected by passing a quill through the throat into the crop, and twisting it around until the worms are dislodged. What causes these worms is not clearly understood. Fumigating with carbolic acid is recommended in bad cases, by a good authority, in poultry ailments, but care must be taken that the chickens are not suffocated by continuing the treatment too long.

The *Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle* tells the story of a lady in that city, who, having abandoned hot bread at meals during Lent, confessed that she had been thereby "wonderfully benefited in health." In well regulated armies soldiers are never permitted to eat bread newly baked, because it is dangerous to health. And yet delicate women expect to feel well after consuming hot rolls or biscuits morning and night. Science and experience are against it.

If you ever endured the agony of a felon, you will appreciate the fact that it can be cured by wood smoke. Place the woolen rags under an inverted flower-pot, and put coals upon them, or set them on fire some other way, then hold the felon over the smoke, and it will extract all the pain.

Leave plenty of potato to your potato-eye if you want strong plants.

A Sad Sight.

The music of a band called us to our Beacon Street window to-day, to look upon the saddest sight we have seen in Boston. The "High School Battalion," a military organization of boys, was escorting the Queen of the Hawaiian Islands. These striplings dressed in blue uniforms, carrying heavy guns, and waving bayonets, crowded the street and tried to "march" the Queen of the Islands, whose inhabitants were converted to Christianity by Titus Coan and others sent out by the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, which has its offices in this very building, was taking a lesson in the way a Christian city educates its boys! Prof. Sargent of Harvard College, the leading teacher of Athletics in America, has pronounced the military drill ineffective as a promoter of health and strength, which has been the popular excuse for militarism in schools. But were it ten times as good for that, it would not justify itself. It teaches vanity, excites respect for armies, lessens a wholesome dread of war and promotes military ambition. To-day it shows the Queen of converted heathens that Christians teach their children to fight and honor proficiency in the art of war as much as the ancient Spartans did in that of thieving! Alas for Boston! It repeated its treatment of abolitionism and has just honored Garrison, its champion, with a beautiful statue on Commonwealth Avenue. It still honors and cherishes a relic of barbarism as inconsistent as Slavery with the words and Spirit of Jesus Christ. We hope Queen Kapiolani will not go home to imitate Boston in this. God hasten the day when Hawaii and the United States shall become provinces of that broader and higher Kingdom of which the King said "My kingdom is not of this world, if my kingdom were of this world then would my subjects fight."

The Lord has proven himself to be our God by bringing us out of many a trouble.

What Others Say.

(By Frances E. Willard.)

If young women knew what young men think and say of them, when they pass along the street in pyramidal hats, which are but cages of dead birds; dresses displaying the banded, hour-glass waist, the camel's hump, the mopping skirt, with front so strappled as to display the lower limbs in most unseemly fashion; with arms akimbo and so pinched that a sausage is their only parallel; and this fashionable effigy upon the same hideous slant-heeled pedestals that the *demi-monde* of Paris wear; if even these young women could hear the remarks of the young men as they pass by, they would never again appear in such a hideous guise. Contrast with such an image a young lady, quietly dressed in plain waist, plain skirt of some soft goods, falling to the ankle, low-heeled walking shoes, pretty collar with a bit of ribbon, and neat cuffs at the wrist, round hat, hair in a simple knot, clear skin, and cheek touched with the bloom of youth and purity. No young man, having one spark of sense or manliness, could look upon the first figure without secret contempt, or upon the last without sincere respect. One would "lead him a life," the other would find him a home. In one his heart might safely trust; the other would be apt to marry him in haste for his money, and leave him to repent the squandering thereof at leisure.

(Central Methodist.)

It is a question of deep interest in all our city churches. How shall we keep up our congregations at night, especially during the heated term? To this we have one answer: Let the services at night be deeply spiritual and earnest. Let them be accompanied by the sweetest songs. If preaching be attempted, let the sermons be always short, pithy, earnest, and pointed. For an entire summer we have kept up our congregations in this way, and we never had greater numbers or people more attentive and apparently more profited. It will not do to preach long, dry sermons, however orthodox or profound they may be. The sermons should be full of the marrow of the Gospel and be pervaded by the deepest earnestness. The preacher should show that he is after souls. Let there be no theological lectures or metaphysical discussions, but let Christ and Him crucified be the great absorbing theme.

(St. Louis Christian Advocate.)

A strong infusion of the sermon on the Mount is much needed in some popular phases of modern religion. The man who sees five dollars, and demanding us to cancel a fifteen dollar debt by his own motion, without reference to our rights, or inquiry as to our willingness, discounts his own debts sixty-six per cent and signs himself, "Sanctified and saved, glory to God," needs a strong dose of the Ten Commandments. There is too much of this counterfeit religion in circulation. One of its most delusive phases is a profession of high and holy experiences without an underpinning of fair dealing, without the foundation of common honesty.

(Golden Rule.)

COMPANY MANNERS FOR EVERY DAY.—A little more formality in serving the family meals wouldn't harm one household. There is no need of saving all the "company manners" for company; if you do, the children, at least, will be found wanting when the occasion comes. The necessity of cheerfulness and contentment at meal-times should be too often enforced. The wisdom, on purely physical grounds, of a tranquil mind at meal times, is as old as Bacon, in our language, and as ancient as the patriarchs in practice. The time given to the table ought to be doubled in many families, and the cheerful conversation increased in like ratio.

(Samuel W. Boardman.)

So long as merely offensive wars are the object of deatation, with no attack on the war system itself, the war on our side will be approved as defensive. Such has been, and will be, the utterance of every nation. No dogma that the Papal See ever inculcated can surpass the war system in absurdity. The burning of heretics to purify the church is cast into the shade by it.

Frankness and Harshness.

How often a bitter speech, which has caused keen pain to the hearer, has been followed by such words as these, as if in justification of the harshness shown: "I'm a plain, blunt person, and I have to speak out just what I think. People must take me as the Lord made me." Anything milder than such an attempt to throw the responsibility for one's ugliness of temper off upon the Lord, it would be hard to imagine. Frankness of speech is one thing, but harshness is a very different thing. The Lord never endowed any man with such a disposition, or put him in such circumstances that he was obliged to make stinging, cruel remarks. Some people have more difficulty than others in being sweet-tempered and kindly spoken, but when one fails it is his own fault.

Make Sunday a pleasant day. Let it be the field-day of the week. You need not secularize it; but you can have some extra sweets prepared for it. You can make it the day of song, of good reading, and of loving fellowship. It is the family day, and ought to be always the sweetest of the seven. Let the large Bible with pictures now do its best service for the little ones. Let the Catechism have its place, but do not try to teach it all in one Sunday. Break the truth into crumbs, and be as constant as the growing years of childhood. A college boy spent a June Sabbath in the home of a wealthy Christian layman. In the afternoon he was present at a social gathering—better than a sermon—and with other ministries, the preparing bouquets to go next morning to the hospital and to the homes of the poor in the great city. Family religion ought to grow on Sunday like plants enjoying an exceptionally fine day of rain and sun.

When a person uses the first personal pronoun constantly, and tells facts he advised, and knew, and acted, and what great results came from the fact of his being in the world, the disgust of the listener is complete.

Five things are requisite to a good officer—ability, clear hands, dispatch, patience and impartiality.

SCHOOLS.

Where is She?

Frisky as a lambkin,
Easy as a bee—
That's the kind of little girl
People like to see.

Modest as a violet,
Pure as a rosebud, sweet—
That's the kind of little girl
People like to meet.

Bright as is a diamond,
Pure as any pearl—
Every one rejoices in
Such a little girl.

Happy as a robin,
Gentle as a dove—
That's the kind of little girl
Every one would love.

Fly away and seek her,
Little song of mine,
For I choose that very girl
As my Valentine.

[Wide Awake.]

"She Hath Done What She Could."

MRS. GEORGE ADDICKS.

The weary mother sank into the chair beside the table, and buried her face in her hands. Worn out, discouraged, was it any wonder that hard, bitter